

The Pocahontas Times.

Vol. 13 No. 16.

Marlinton, Pocahontas County, West Virginia November 10, 1904.

\$1.00 a Year

M. McCLINTIC,
Attorney-at-Law,
MARLINTON, W. VA.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

N. McNeil, G. D. McNeil,
McNEIL & McNEIL,
Attorneys-at-Law,
Marlinton, West Virginia.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

ANDREW PRICE,
Attorney,
MARLINTON, W. VA.
Practice in Pocahontas and adjoining counties. Prompt and careful attention given to all legal work.

H. M. LOCKRIDGE,
Attorney-at-Law,
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.
Prompt and careful attention given to all legal work.

JOHN A. PRESTON, FRED WALLACE,
PRESTON & WALLACE
Attorneys-at-Law,
LEWISBURG, W. VA.

H. S. RUCKER,
Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public,
MARLINTON, W. VA.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

A. M. OLIVER,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
CARPENTER & CONTRACTOR,
Durbin, W. Va.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,
Dentist,
MONTEREY, VA.
Will visit Pocahontas county at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

H. L. VANSICKLER,
Attorney-at-Law,
LEWISBURG, W. VA.
Practices in Greenbrier and a adjoining counties.

F. RAYMOND HILL,
Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public,
ACADEMY, W. VA.
Will practice in all the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and Supreme Court of Appeals.

Geo. R. Richardson,
Attorney-at-Law,
MARLINTON, W. VA.
Prompt and careful attention given to all business placed in their hands.

DR. ERNEST B. HILL,
DENTIST,
Graduate University of Maryland.
Dentistry practiced in all its branches.
Office in 1st Nat. Bank Bldg. 2nd floor.

G. W. DUNCAN,
Practical Land Surveyor,
1st Nat. Bldg. Marlinton, W. Va.
All calls by phone and mail promptly answered.

West Virginia Citizens Trust and Guarantee Company

This company will furnish bonds of all county, state and municipal officers; fiduciary bonds, such as administrators, guardians, etc.; junction bonds; bank officials, ments, indemnifying bonds, in court bonds of all kinds; attachment bonds, treasurers, etc.

Escar F. Curry,
Dealer in

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
and
SURVEYOR OF LANDS,
Linnwood, West Virginia.

C. A. YEAGER,
UNDERTAKER,
Marlinton, W. Va.

A large line of Caskets, Coffins and Undertakers supplies always on hand. All calls given prompt service.

WAYSIDE NOTES.

Of a Trip to Maxwellton.

An Interesting Section of Greenbrier County.

It was night when Keister was called out, Oct. 14, 1904, where I was to get off for Clifton. Capt. Gill interested himself to see that I was properly attended to and by the light of two comets held by him and Lient. Boone, I reached firm footing on the platform, thence by the light of the moon and the stars I readily found Edgar McLaughlin waiting with him nice rig a few steps away, his fast stepping horse chafing to be off.

No sooner in than away we rolled swiftly as the winds. In less time seemingly than it takes to write it, we were at the Mineral spring near the summit of the River Ridge where Edgar had filled a half dozen jars with the pure sparkling alum water the Creator's own remedy for suffering people, which have tried with much beneficial advantage. The speed at which the distance was covered, was suggestive of the merry-go-round and the still merrier-go-ahead. When a curve was made it was merry going round, and on the straight reaches it was still merrier forging ahead almost making one gasp for breath.

Upon emerging from the forest and coming into the open one of the most beautiful bits of Greenbrier scenery was unfolded. The constellation of the Great Bear all of which I had not seen for months previously appeared on its nightly round about the north star, with its pointers unusually bright and distinct, singling out the one mysterious star, out of the hundreds in the starry dome. The star of evening eastern sky seemed to be scintillating its beams in rivalry with the moon beams, while the moon herself rarely appears attraction. It must have been on a like evening when the pensive Addison the beautiful thoughts we admire so much in his lines.

Soon as the evening shades prevail, The moon takes up the wondrous tale And nightly to the listening earth Repeats the story of her birth, Whilst all the stars that round her burn And all the planets in their turn Confirm the tidings as they roll. And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all Move round this dark terrestrial ball, What though no real voice or sound Amid their radiant orbs be found, In reason's ear they all rejoice, And utter forth a glorious voice, Forever singing as they shine, The hand that made us is divine.

About 8 o'clock, the Clifton home was reached, where all was pleasant and unusually well, after months of anxiety. Amid surroundings so delightful the words of the psalmist read at evening worship never appeared to have a pertinency more to the purpose.

"Every day will I bless thee, and I will praise thy name forever and ever. The Lord is good to all; and his tender mercies are over all his works. All thy works shall praise thee O Lord; and thy saints shall bless thee.

Thou openest thine hand and satisfiest the desire of every living thing.

The Lord is right unto all them, that call upon him in truth." Ps. 145.

Sabbath morning Oct. 16, '04, while frosty and bracing, was one of ideal loveliness. Greenbrier autumnal scenery rarely appears at better advantage. Mrs. Mary McLaughlin, my only living sister, took me in her carriage to the church on the hill, that for beauty of situation, is one of the most fitting places for a place of divine worship. Here we found a very interesting Sunday School

with teachers and pupils busy as bees, improving the bright and lovely hour in the study of words more to be desired than much fine gold, silver or also than honey and the honey comb, and in keeping of which there is great reward. The exercises were closed by all joining in singing with impressive pathos, Miss Emily at the organ.

"One sweetly solemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er, Nearer my home today am I, Than e'er I've been before. Nearer my Father's house, Nearer the great white throne, Nearer the crystal sea."

Then led by superintendent J. D. Arbuckle, all repeated the "Our Father" in concert. For the uplifting and spiritual well being of the interesting Greenbrier people, one might wish and pray that there might be scores of such congregations, but it would be difficult to find one with a history more instructive than the short and simple annals of the young Maxwellton church, or one whose influence for usefulness presents fairer promise and holds out more encouragement for strenuous faithful Christian endeavor.

Mrs. McLaughlin had me go with her to dine at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Arbuckle just in view of the church. Here a few delightful sabbath afternoon hours were spent and where it was privilege to meet and form the acquaintance of Mrs. Elizabeth D. Arbuckle, a daughter of David Creigh, the West Virginia martyr. His is a name that will go down the ages, as a synonym of personal piety and purity of home. In this charming residence Mrs. Julia Arbuckle passed her long and useful life, and she left children and friends, among whom are many eminent ministers, J. C. Brown, Bart, Lacy, Rosebro, Felford, with whom her name has lived for long continued years embalm with their sincere praises.

A lady that was known and esteemed by Dr. McElhenry, David R. Preston, Wm. S. Plumer, S. R. Houston, James M. Brown and scores of other ministerial worthies, by common consent deserves to be remembered, as an "elect lady" and as such she will be revered as an ideal Greenbrier matron and home keeper.

When the time came to set out for Marlinton, E. D. Harford fixed up a nice rig to be drawn by one of the choicest two hundred dollar high steppers, for which Maxwellton is coming to be noted. One of the curious things Ed. told about that horse was it had never been shod, though it had been much used for two or three years on the road as well as on the farm. Ed. has one of the levellest heads that I have met for many a day. His idea is that the proper thing for a young man that has his living to make is to try to get a permanent position and stick to it, year in and year out, making a little and saving a heap, since many mickels make a buckle. For the first time in three years he took a day off when the deer law expired to see if he could not kill the one that was known to have passed the summer near by. After a hard and faithful hunt the best he could report in the way of success was that he had come so near getting it that he saw one of its tracks.

As we bowled along over the nice road to Keister we had some talk about the new method of farming described as vaccinating the soil or "inoculating the ground." It is claimed that the Department of Agriculture will send to every applicant free of charge material enough to inoculate or vaccinate several acres, with full directions as to how to use it. The package can be carried in the pocket and yet it is claimed it will do more work than several cart loads of fertilizer.

An hour of tedious waiting was passed before the arrival of the heard Marlinton called out and in an instant fifteen or twenty passengers were in line. Just as the

train held up the door was opened and the polite young flagman met and informed us that this was Backeye. Near me was a negro, whose presence would attract notice. He was dressed in clerical garb and from the crown of his stove pipe hat to his patent leather shoes, there were symptoms of self-appreciation and exalted esteem of his own personality. After all had settled down the conductor came in, his ordinarily grim features now radiant with a smile. The first to speak to him was the negro, who asked: "Miss the first of April, you would have had us all, sittin'."

The Woman We All Like
The woman you like to meet, and who never stays to long when she comes to see you, and to whom you reluctantly say good-bye, may not be either rich or beautiful or particularly brilliant in intellect, but she carries an unmistakable charm with her which it might be well if you, yourself, should seek to acquire. She always says the "Good morning" as though she particularly meant the "good" part of it, and when she shakes hands with you she is not satisfied to merely touch your fingers. When you look at her face, no matter how dark the day may be, you instinctively feel that the sun is shining, and she always infuses a feeling of comfort into the atmosphere about you, no matter what was "in the air" just before she came in.

No matter how "blue" you felt while the door was closed between you, things get rose-colored very quickly after she steps across the doormat, and somehow, the smell of spring blossoms, the glint of birdwings and the flutter of summer leaflets fill the air which before her advent, was dreary with the winter clouds and the moaning of the wind through the bare branches of the soul's winter. Helen Watts McVey in Men and Woman.

'Sweeping by Vacuum Process

A simple process has been discovered by which particles of dust in office store or residence, floor wall, furniture, or ceiling are taken up and carried to the basement. The process is a combination of an air drawing machine and separate operated by steam, electricity or hand power, placed in basement from which tubes run to rooms in building. A vacuum is created in the tubes a flexible hose connects the tube in the wall with a movable mouth or renovating sweeper which is run over the floor or other surface. Dust particles on floor or in carpets, are sucked into the tube and carried to basement; disease germs always found in carpets dust are carried with it instead of being set in motion to again settle and menace health. The most delicate fabric can be cleaned of dust as well as floor, wall, ceiling or furniture. The idea reduced to practice is proving practical and will be a great boon to owners and renters and a great labor saving to the housekeepers.

Found His Gun on Battlefield

J. D. Curry, of Fairmont, a member of the Second West Virginia Cavalry, attended the recent Bull Run reunion and recovered his gun, which he had hidden under a ledge of rocks, August 30, 1862. The ravage of time have destroyed all the wood of the gun during the 42 years it had been hidden away. Curry will preserve the remains as a souvenir of the troublesome times.—Ex.

Only a Printer's Error

The far-reaching results of a printer's error is shown by the following from the British Medical Journal: "At the British Association a paper by Dr. Adamkiewicz, with the title 'Is der Krebs erblich?' (Is Cancer Hereditary?) was on the program. Erblich was spelled 'ardlich' (earthly). The Times announced that a paper had been read by Dr. Adamkiewicz on 'Is the crab a sea or land animal?'"

Dunmore.

Auctioneer Swicker has returned from Alleghany Mountain where he sold out J. S. Varner.

The people of Toy, of Alleghany are to be complimented on the splendid churches. It is one of the best churches in the county: 35x55 feet and 20 feet in the clear. The pulpit is in the front of the building between the doors, which is a splendid idea. People can see who comes in or goes out without turning around and gawking.

W. B. Freeman is building a magnificent dwelling. It is to be finished in oak. He has built a large barn in which he can stable 52 horses in stalls.

Hull Kramer is building a large house on top of the mountain at the old Yeager homestead. He has the Pike in splendid condition from the county line to Travelers Rest. The bridge will be completed soon.

Ed Barkley, a one armed man, killed a monster bear, which weighed 900 pounds. The hide, when stretched, was 25x36 feet, is what they say. It was sold for \$25.

We now have three blacksmiths C. E. Pritchard and family spent Sunday in Marlinton.

Miss Flora Moomau is teaching in H. M. Moore's family.

Miss Nannie Warwick is on a visit to Bath County.

We have one band of gypsies in town and more a coming.

T. P. Moyers shipped a car load of Potatoes to Cass Monday night.

Chris McLaughlin and Miss Rodgers spent Sunday in town.

Mrs. Mary Geiger made a trip to Durbin last week.

Somebody hauled away the engine that has been here all summer.

A corps of engineers are surveying between Bartow and the Dry Fork Railway up the East Fork of Greenbrier River.

Dr. Cooper Rusmell, of Buchanan, was in the county last week.

Joe Blagg, of Virginia, is out on a visit.

C. R. Moore went to Staunton this week.

R. M. Pritchard spent a few day in town.

William Gragg's horse ran off Monday evening near town, and his son was thrown out, sustaining a broken leg and ankle.

Mrs. Nannie J. Zinn, of Huttonsville, is visiting in town.

The Housewife's Mistake

An angry woman walked into a grocer's shop in an Ayshire village and barged a piece of yellow substance on the counter. "This," she said, "is the soap that does the washin' o' itself; the soap that makes every washin' day a kin' o' glorified feast; the soap that gets a' the linen white as snow as sweet as a hazelnut, and lets the delighted housewife play wi' the children; an' here I've been scrubbin' three mortal hours wi' that lump an' got no mair lather out o' it than I could geot out a brick.

"I beg your pardon," said the grocer, calmly. "but that isn't soap. Your little boy was here yesterday for a half a pound of soap. That's the cheese."

"The cheese!" exclaimed the woman. "Then that accounts for be it her thing."

"What other thing?" I lay awake the hale night winnerin what made the Welch rabbit we had fur' our supper taste so queer."—Tiddits.

Boyer

The nights are cold and the days warm and nice weather now. We had very bad day for the dedication last Sunday.

Mrs. Kips Spencer of near this place died last Saturday 22nd many friends are left to mourn her death.

D. S. Moore was visiting at Mr. Lantz's last Sunday.

C. H. Chapman is now in Richmond attending school, he is studying to be a dentist.

WHY SHE HOOKS BEHIND.

This and Other Questions Are Asked by the Man Whose Wife Needs His Help.

"Why do they make these new-fangled, cobweb shirt waists that women wear button in the back?" asked the young benedict, according to the New York Sun.

As he asked his male friend, naturally the friend didn't know. "I suppose," continued the newly-married man, "you might just as well ask: 'Why is a cow?' You are just as likely to get a reasonable answer. There isn't anything logical in women's fashions. Now, a shirt waist buttoned down the front is a sensible situation. So they're made to fasten in the back.

"I never would have noticed it if it wasn't for the fact that it is constantly thrust upon me in a practical manner. Every time we are to go out together anywhere my wife asks me to hook her waist. It's no job for a man. I'd rather saw half a cord of wood any day.

"In the first place I never get the hooks into the corresponding eyes. After I think I've got 'em all fastened, I invariably find that there is one hook at the top or bottom for which there is no eye or one eye for which there is no hook. Then there is the neckband. It has three or four fasteners at least, and you must have deft fingers to make them connect.

"Now, suppose our shirts were fastened down the back with hooks and eyes, what would be the situation? Why, we wouldn't stand it, not a minute.

"But a woman will accept any old garment, no matter how constructed, without a murmur, if it's the latest. In fact, she won't have anything else.

"Look at the way shirt waist sleeves are made now. The bulge used to be at the shoulder, sort of balloon excrescences, so that a woman of ordinary build required two seats in a car. Now the bulge is near the wrist and gets in the butter. I suppose the next move will be to have balloons at the elbows.

"Why is it? Nobody knows why."

And no answer being forthcoming they both gave it up.

Card of Thanks.

I and my family wish to thank my many friends for their kindness during my long illness, especially cutting and husking my corn.

Very respectfully,

J. A. Young.

"After 'lection a successful candidate loses his mem'ry an' th' unsuccesful' cand' date hasn' any fer one."—Uncle Henry in Cincinnati Post.

J. A. Arbuckle, A. B. M. D. Specialty,
EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT,
Will be in Marlinton 1st Friday, Saturday and Sunday of each month. DR. OUTING'S OFFICE.
Hours: 9:1 a. m., and 3:30 p. m.

MEAT MARKET in EAST CASS.
A meat Market will be opened in East Cass on Friday, Oct. 21, 1904. Meat of all kinds guaranteed to be as good as was ever sold in Pocahontas county.

Prices of best
Steak, Pork and Sausage, 10 Cts.
Per pound. Come in and give me a trial.

Respectfully,

R. H. BAILEY.

That Watch Of Yours

Is in many respects similar to a Railway engine. Let an engine be run without oil or cleaning, and before long it will stop dead. Upon examination it will be found that the friction and wear and tear has ruined the machinery, and it is only fit for the old iron heap. Likewise your watch.

You put it in your pocket, and while there is a kick in it, you, in your mistaken economy, do not consult the watch-maker, and consequently rob your watch of years of good service, and also much of its former accuracy. The time-keeping qualities of a good watch are maintained and often improved by timely and skilful attention. A reliable watch is a faithful friend; your reputation largely depends upon promptness and punctuality in your private and work-day life, and you cannot practice this virtue without a reliable time-piece.

The maintenance of our business and high reputation is dependent upon the putting of our best efforts into every watch left with us. We repaired over two thousand watches last year—a direct result of faithful workmanship. If you want a watch to be true to you, you must be true to your watch. Bring it to us today. Every watch repaired at our establishment is guaranteed for one year.

Greenbrier Jewelry Company,
Marlinton, W. Va.

THE SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE

Something That Is Requisite to Make a Vacation Thoroughly Enjoyable.

It was a lovely June evening, and half a dozen of the neighbors had "dropped in" upon the Harlows' wide piazza, where the talk, drifting idly from one subject to another, finally touched upon summer plans. Everyone was going away for a longer or shorter time, and every one groaned over the prospect, says Youth's Companion. The rooms were so small, they said, and the table not nearly so good as your own, and sometimes you met with unpleasant people, and in a rainy spell you were bored to death, and there was all the packing and unpacking and shutting and opening the house again, and—

There was one of the group who had been a listener up to this point; now she spoke. "The trouble is," she declared, "that not one woman in fifty knows how to take a vacation."

Half a dozen incredulous faces turned in her direction, but having taken her ground she was not to be driven from it.

"Think of the women you've met at summer resorts," she urged. "I don't mean girls, of course—they are 'another story'—but the average woman. How much real recreation is she getting sitting on the piazza day after day, doing fancy work? Or telling her neighbors of all her perplexities and troubles? Or taking a few aimless walks and wondering if supper will be as poor as the dinner was? Vacation means leisure, doesn't it? A freedom from old thoughts and duties for a few days or weeks that one may get fresh thought and strength and joy for work again. How many of us do it?"

"What," one of the audience inquired, respectfully, "would you suggest as a requisite for a 'real vacation'?"

"The spirit of adventure," was the prompt reply, "which, being interpreted, means the open heart, quick to receive the gifts of the days. A hobby is a good thing, too if you don't have it too hard—enough of a hobby to amuse yourself but not to bore other people. But the open heart is best."

"I believe you're right," one of the others said, thoughtfully. "I've never forgotten an old lady we met in the mountains one summer. She was nearly 70, but she was the brightest, happiest person in the house. She was always discovering new pleasures, new people, new things to do and new places to go to. I never understood the secret before, but I think now she must have been one of the born adventurers to whom every day and every person meant a new possibility."

"But why," a third asked, slowly, "isn't the spirit of adventure, the open heart, whatever you choose to call it, good for home days as well as vacations?" The lecturer turned quickly. "Did I ever say it wasn't?" she asked.

Classifying Him.

"I'd have you know, sir," said the pompous city chap on vacation in the country, "that I work with my head instead of with my hands."

"Haw!" exclaimed the honest farmer, "I 'lowed at first that yew wuz a jay, but accordin' tew yow statement yew must be a wood pecker, b'gosh!"—Chicago Daily News.

TALK WITH A KAFFIR CHIEF

Much Is Expressed by Grunts and Short Exclamations—Making the Chief See.

The amount of greeting among ordinary Kaffirs is to say: "I see you," to which answer comes back: "Yes." When a native passes a European in the uncivilized parts of the country, says Mr. Dudley Kidd, in "The Essential Kaffir," he will frequently anticipate the white man's "I see you," and will start off with a loud "Yes."

Of all ways of expressing sentiment, grunting is the favorite, and the Kaffir grunts with great eloquence. His simple grunt can express a whole world of sentiment. After hearing natives express so much by grunting one cannot avoid thinking that pigs might learn to speak.

Kaffirs have very many exclamations, such as "Yo!" when they wish to show contempt; "Hau!" when they show surprise; "Wow!" and many other similar utterances.

In visiting a chief it is rude to speak first. Accordingly, when we visited a Kaffir king we sat in silence and pretended not to see him. At length he looked up at us and said: "see you," and the ice was broken. We grunted approval of the sentiment and said the proper things. When the questions began to be a little too personal we told our native servant to fetch the blanket we had brought with us in order to open the chief's eyes.

When we gave the chief the blanket he looked at it and gave a grunt which was one of moderate and guarded approval. He felt the qualities of the blanket with his fingers, placed it to his skin to see how warm it would be; he then showed it to his councillors and asked them bluntly what they supposed it had cost. When he was satisfied that it was better than any kept by local traders, he gave another grunt of approval which plainly said: "Thanks; I think that on the whole it is not bad; I have seen better, but it will do all the same."

Then he said in words: "Now my eyes are open and I can see you." In fun I began to chaff him and said: "Well, if you can see us now, will you tell us what you can see?"

"Swift as light came the answer: 'I shall know what I see when the night is cold and I wrap the blanket about my body.'"

A native never commits himself if he can possibly help it. After a little more desultory conversation the chief thought it was time to end the indaba, "to hem up the fringes of the talk with the thread made from the sinew of an ox," as their expressive phrase runs. So we hemmed it up.

Queen's Oaks at Windsor.

Many English queens have chosen oak trees in Windsor forest wheron their names, with the dates of their choice, have been commemorated by means of brass plates. In different parts of the forest, with seats around them, are oaks bearing the names of Queen Elizabeth, Queen Caroline, Queen Charlotte and Queen Victoria. "Horne's Oak" mentioned in the "Merry Wives of Windsor" as being in Windsor Park, was destroyed by a gale on August 31, 1863.

Two Strausses.

Never was there worse confusion caused by similarity of names than between Strauss, the tone poet, and Strauss, the composer of the celebrated "Blue Danube" and many other waltzes. What makes the middle more amusing is the fact that the two Strausses are quite intimate with one another, and when the tone poet is congratulated—as he often is—on the success of the waltzes he did not write, he at once sits down and humorously relates his experience in a letter to his friend.

When Gamblers Should Quit.

The London Sketch says a professional betting man should go out of business when 50 years old. After that age a man makes mistakes. Between 50 and 65 he stands to lose 75 per cent. of what he accumulated before 50.

Bearing His Cross.

Little Boy—Don't you get awfully tired doin' nothin', mister? Languid Larigan—Terrible; but I never complain. Everybody has their troubles.—Stray Stories.

What a Lovely Home

These words are lovely spoken by some one leaving another's home, and apply nine times out of ten to the furnishings. Call and let us furnish you so the same can be said of your home. We are specialists in our line. Marlinton Furniture Co.